

ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN®

ISSUE

60

CARNAGE: PART 1



ISANOVE

BENDIS
BAGLEY
HANNA

MARVEL®

The bite of a genetically altered spider granted high school student Peter Parker incredible, arachnid-like powers: strength, agility, a spider-like sixth sense warning him of personal danger, and most amazing of all- Peter can walk on walls. When a burglar killed his beloved Uncle Ben, a grief-stricken Peter vowed to use his amazing abilities to protect his fellow man. He learned the invaluable lesson that with great power there must also come great responsibility!

PREVIOUSLY

ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN

"CARNAGE"



#60

PART ONE OF FIVE

Peter barely escaped a grueling, dramatic and violent encounter with a childhood friend, Eddie Brock, who turned himself into the monstrosity known as VENOM.

Ten years ago, Peter and Eddie's fathers accidentally invented Venom when they were seeking a biological cure for cancer.

Doctor Curt Connors, Eddie's college professor, in an attempt to regrow a missing limb using lizard DNA strands, accidentally turned himself into a lizard creature. Spider-Man saved Connors and in return, Connors offered Peter Parker his trust and friendship.

Writer
Brian Michael Bendis

Assistant Editor
Nick Lowe

Penciler
Mark Bagley

Editor
Ralph Macchio

Inker
Scott Hanna

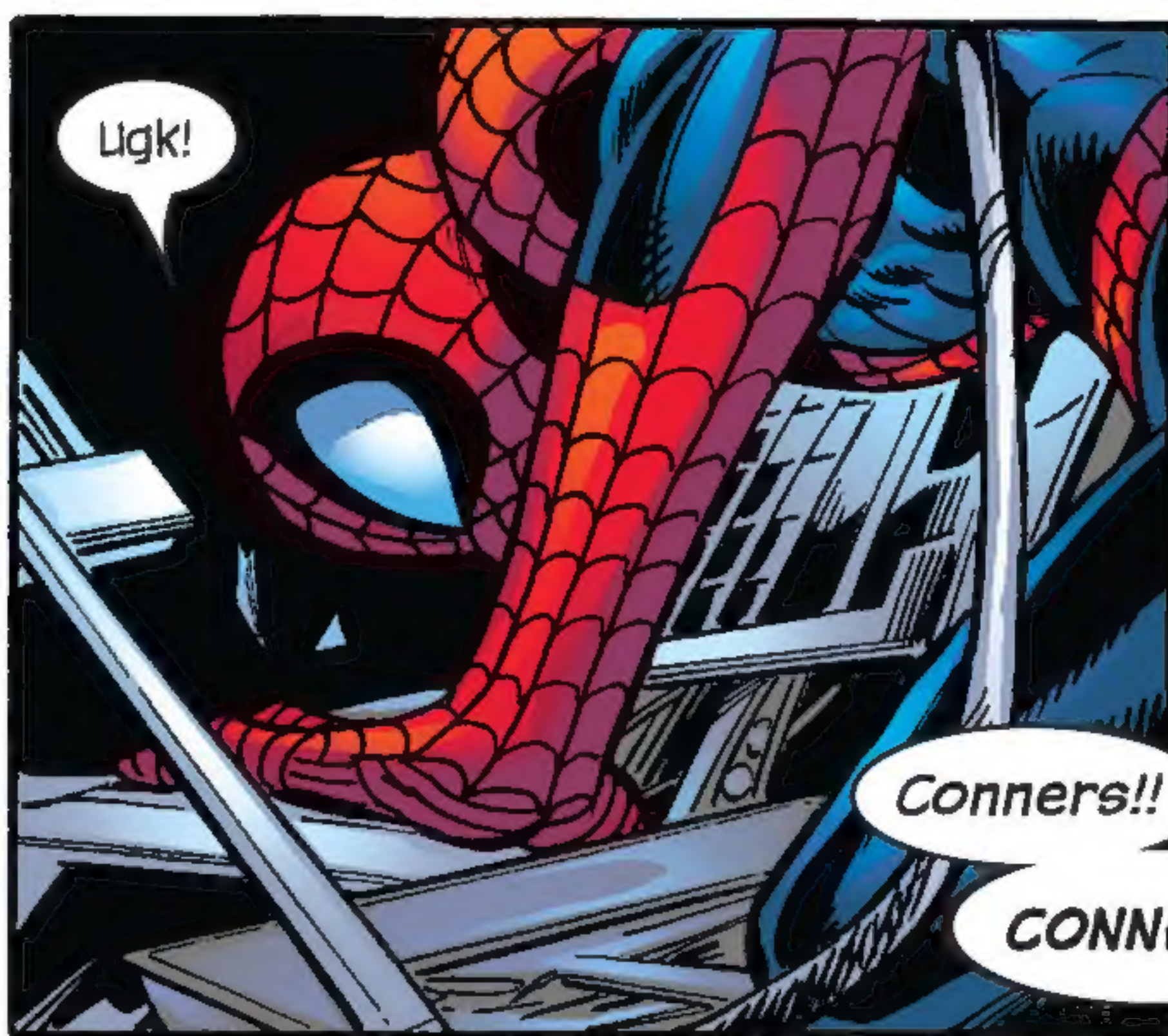
Colorist
J.D. Smith

Editor in Chief
Joe Quesada

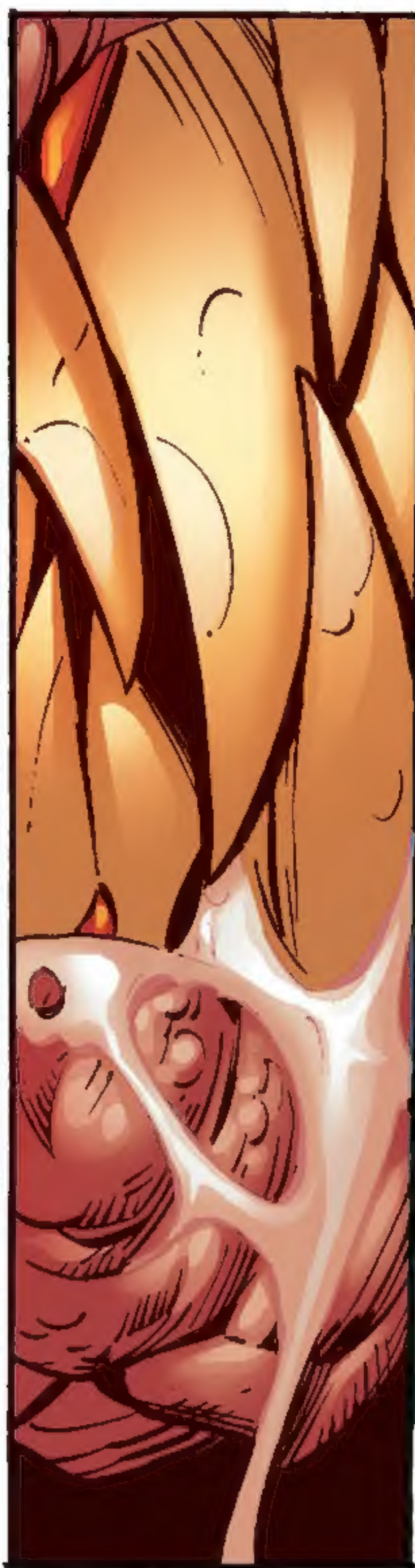
Letterer
Chris Eliopoulos

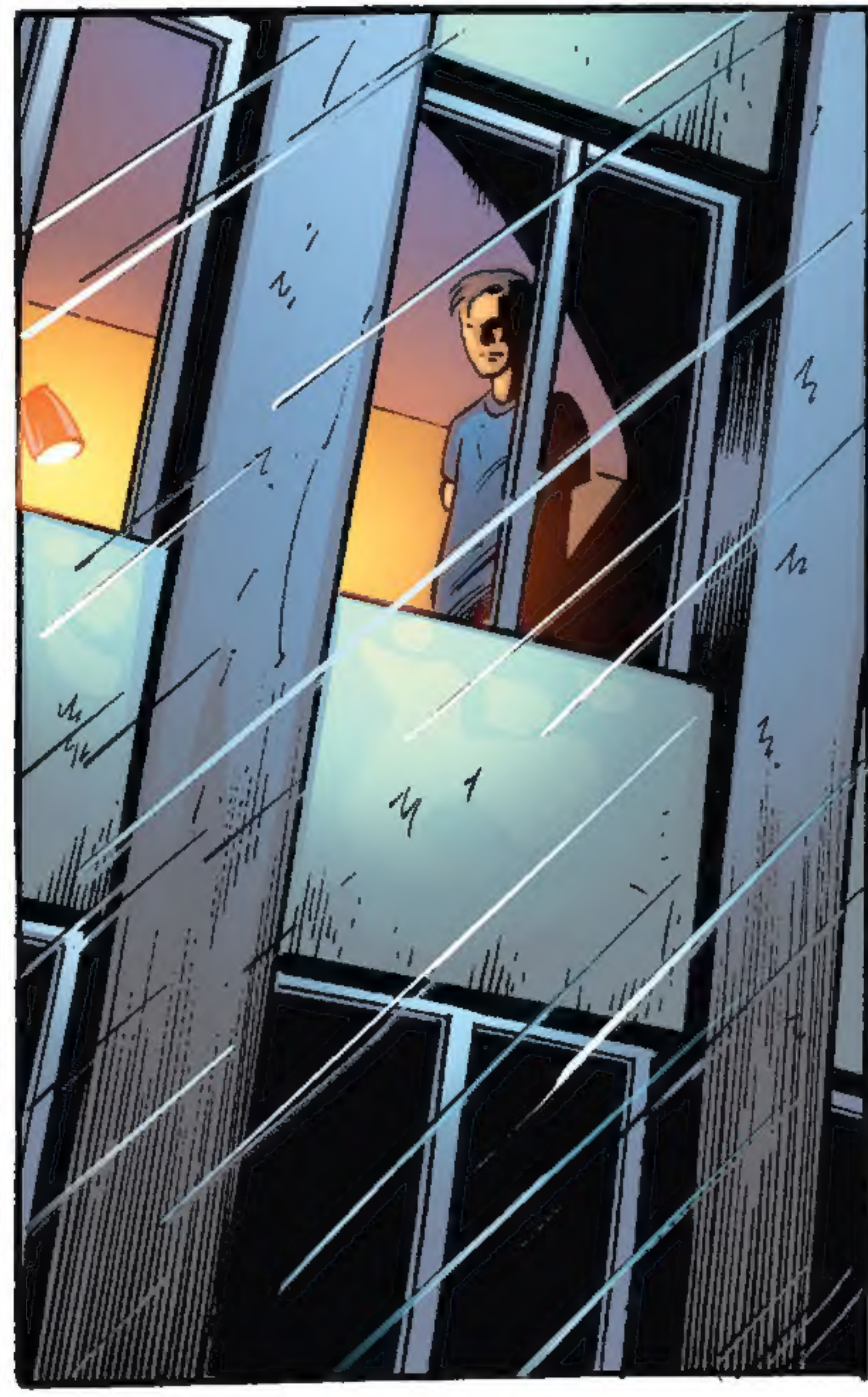
Publisher
Dan Buckley

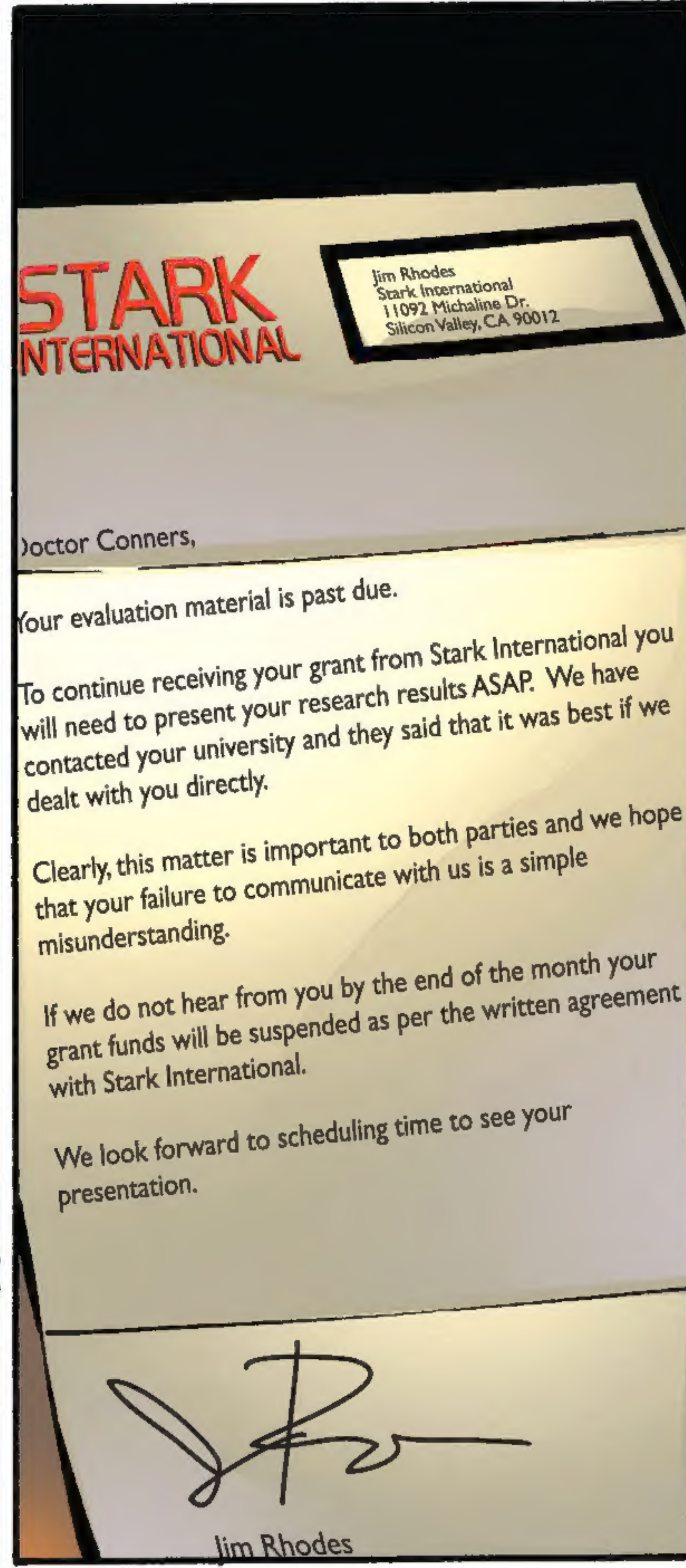












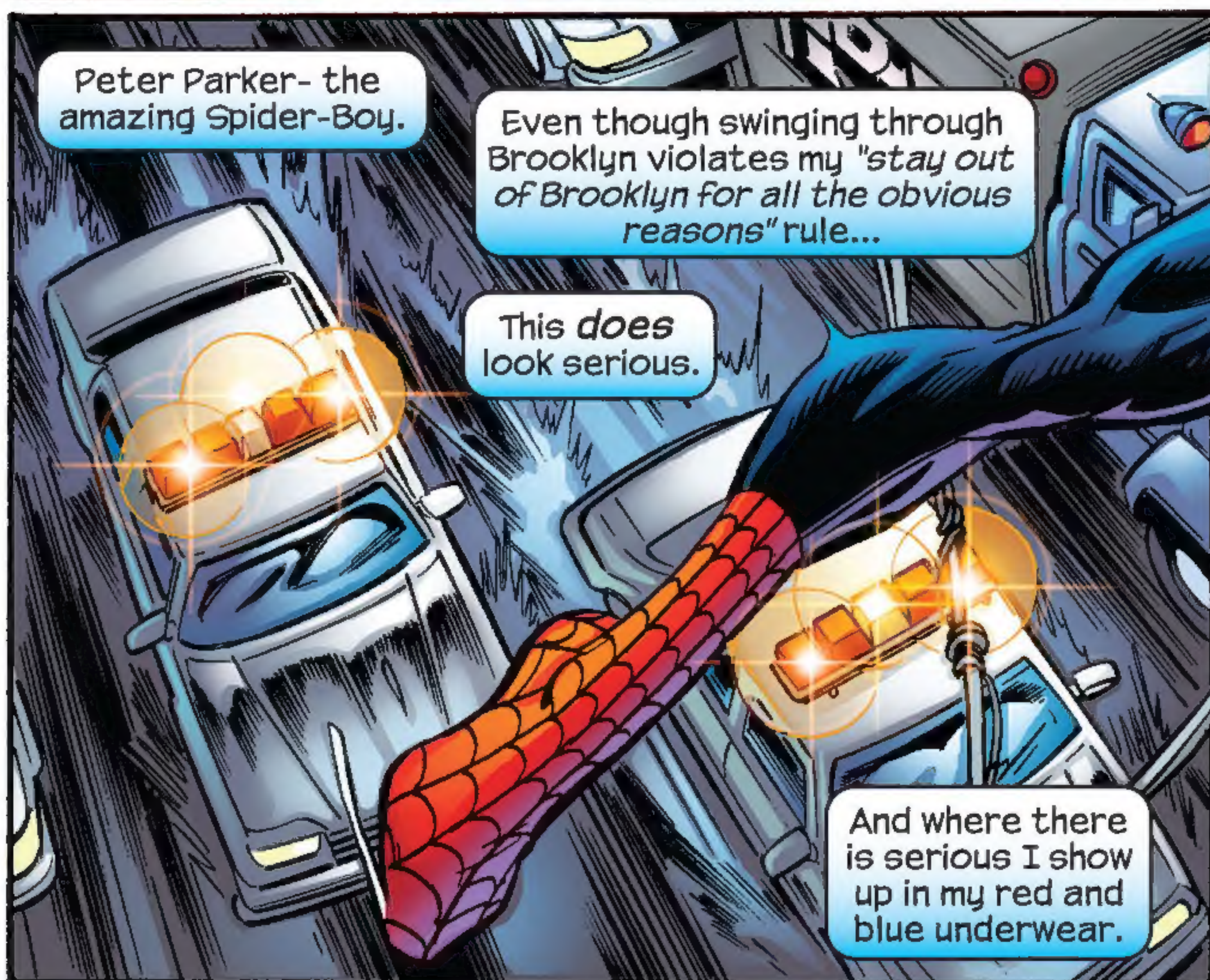


Ugh!

Water is collecting on me in places that I didn't know I had.

Actually, that's not true. I once fought a man made out of sand and I had sand in the very same places that I now have water.

And yet... here I am.



Peter Parker- the amazing Spider-Boy.

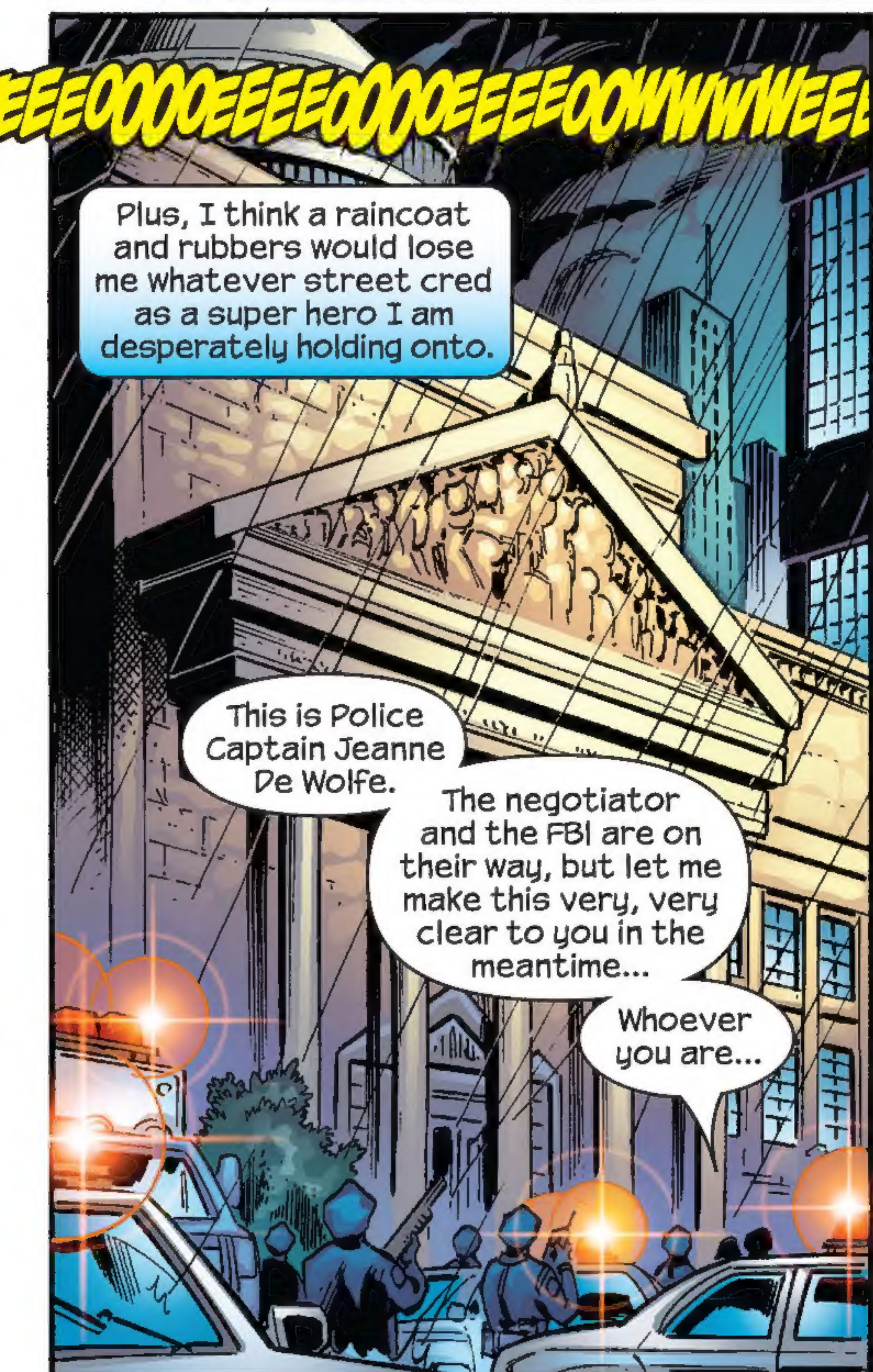
Even though swinging through Brooklyn violates my "stay out of Brooklyn for all the obvious reasons" rule...

This *does* look serious.

And where there is serious I show up in my red and blue underwear.



Why? Well, clearly I have emotional problems.



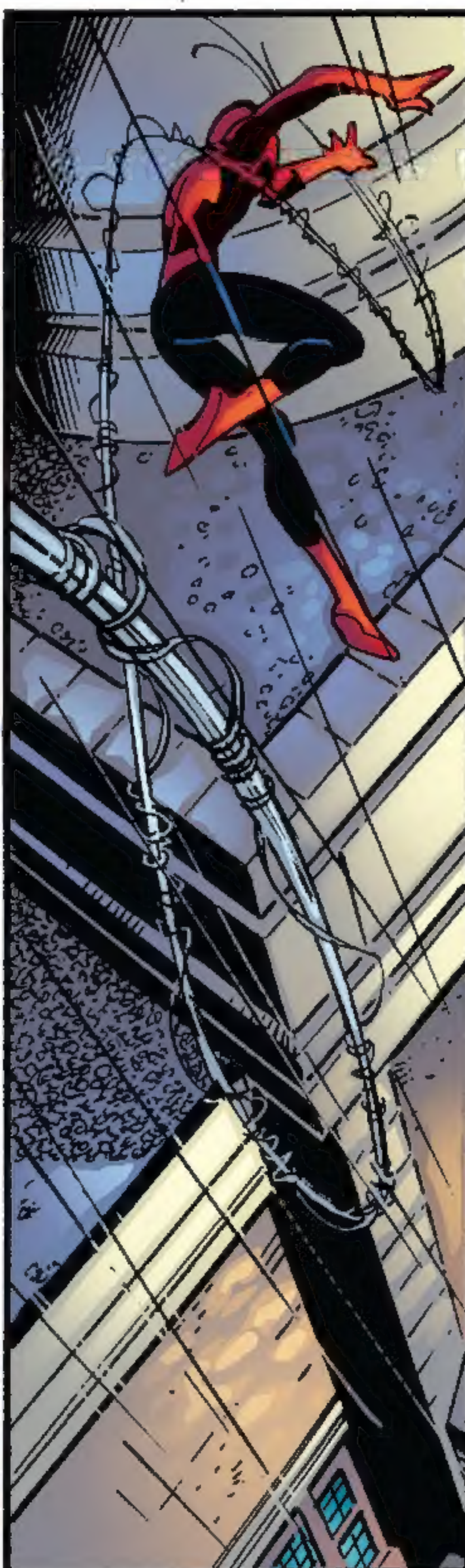
WEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEOWWWWEE

Plus, I think a raincoat and rubbers would lose me whatever street cred as a super hero I am desperately holding onto.

This is Police Captain Jeanne De Wolfe.

The negotiator and the FBI are on their way, but let me make this very, very clear to you in the meantime...

Whoever you are...



It is *very* important that you do not hurt anyone in that museum.

No one!

You hurt anyone, doesn't matter *what* you want, you lose.



You got that, mister?!

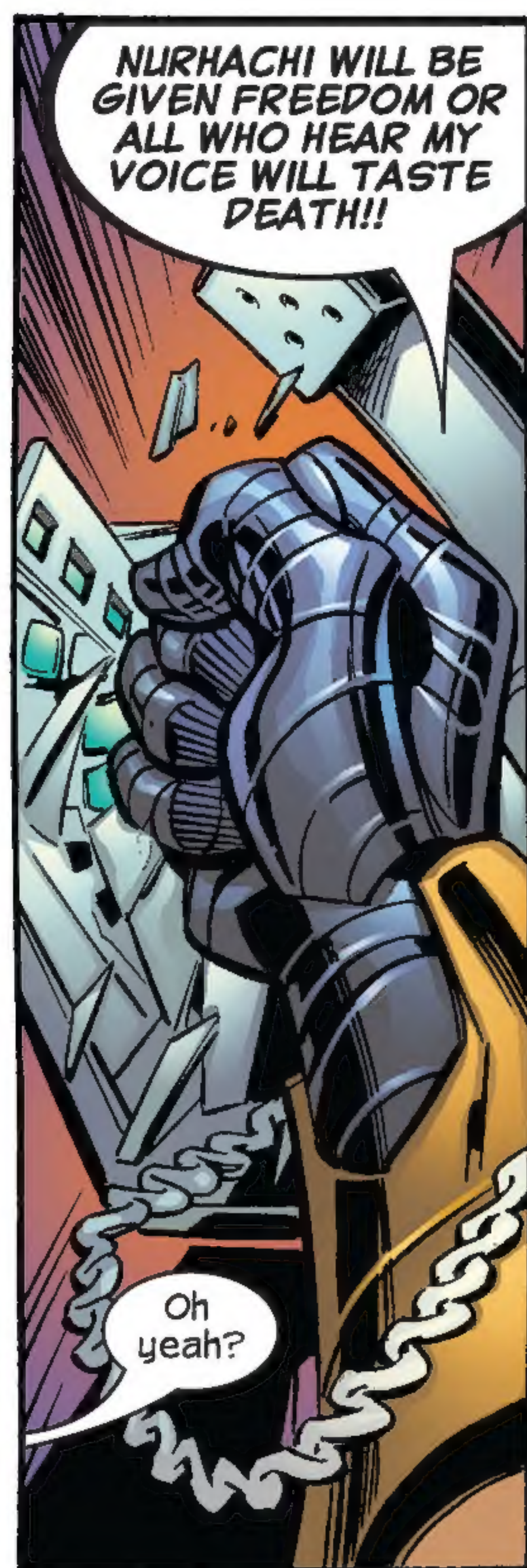
Now if you want to tell me who you are and what you want, we'll see what we can do to--



FREE NURHACHI! OR BLOOD WILL FILL THE STREETS.



Who?

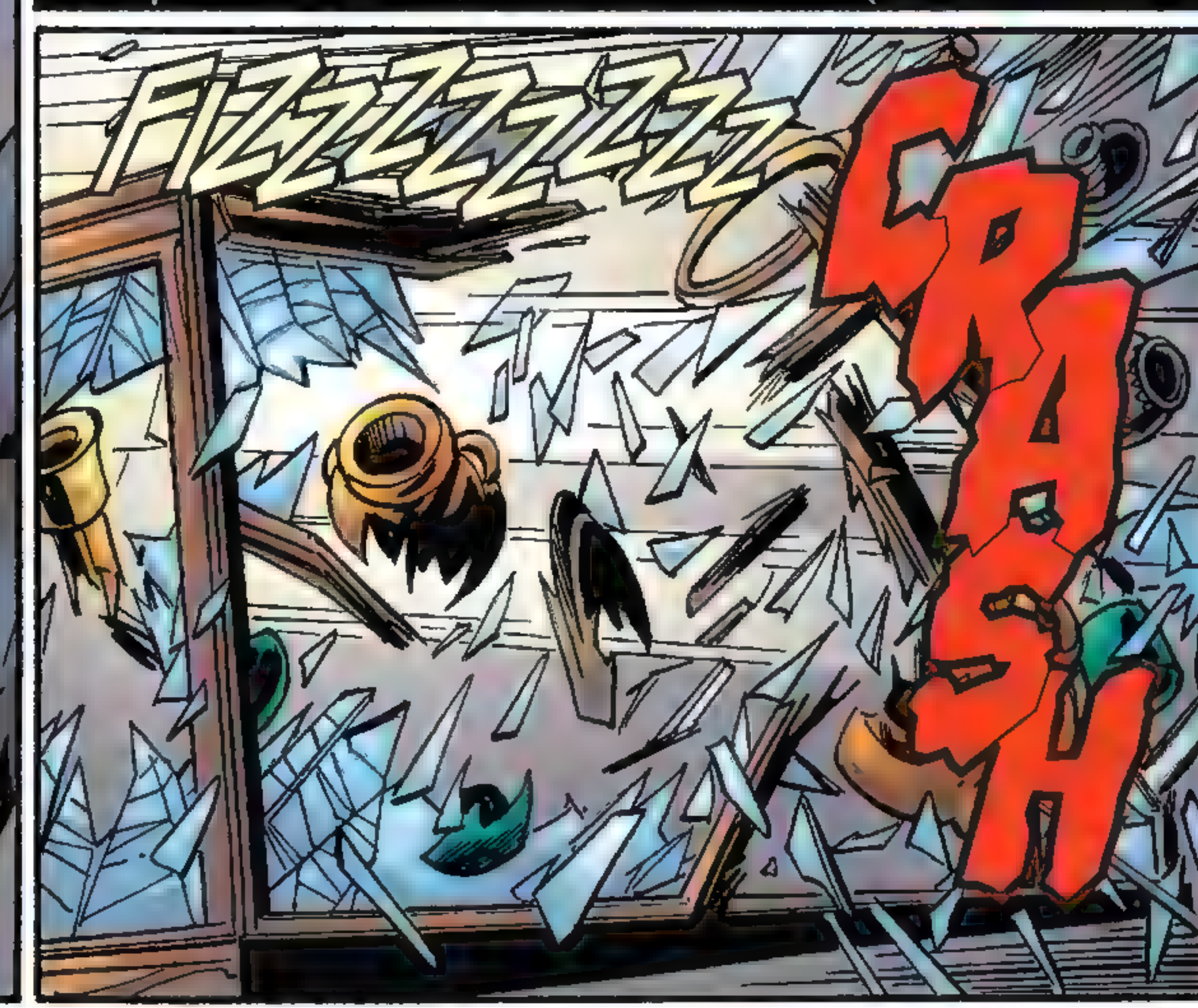
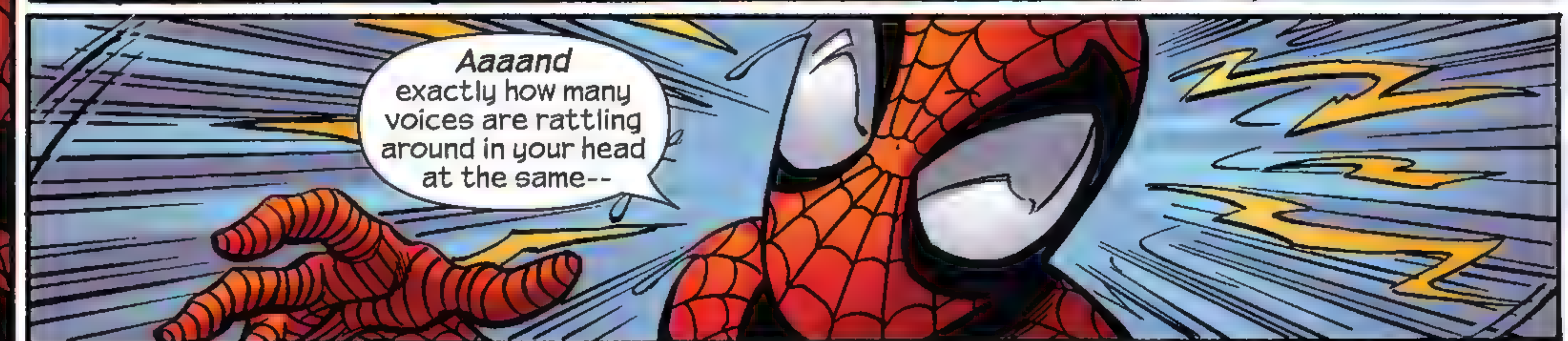


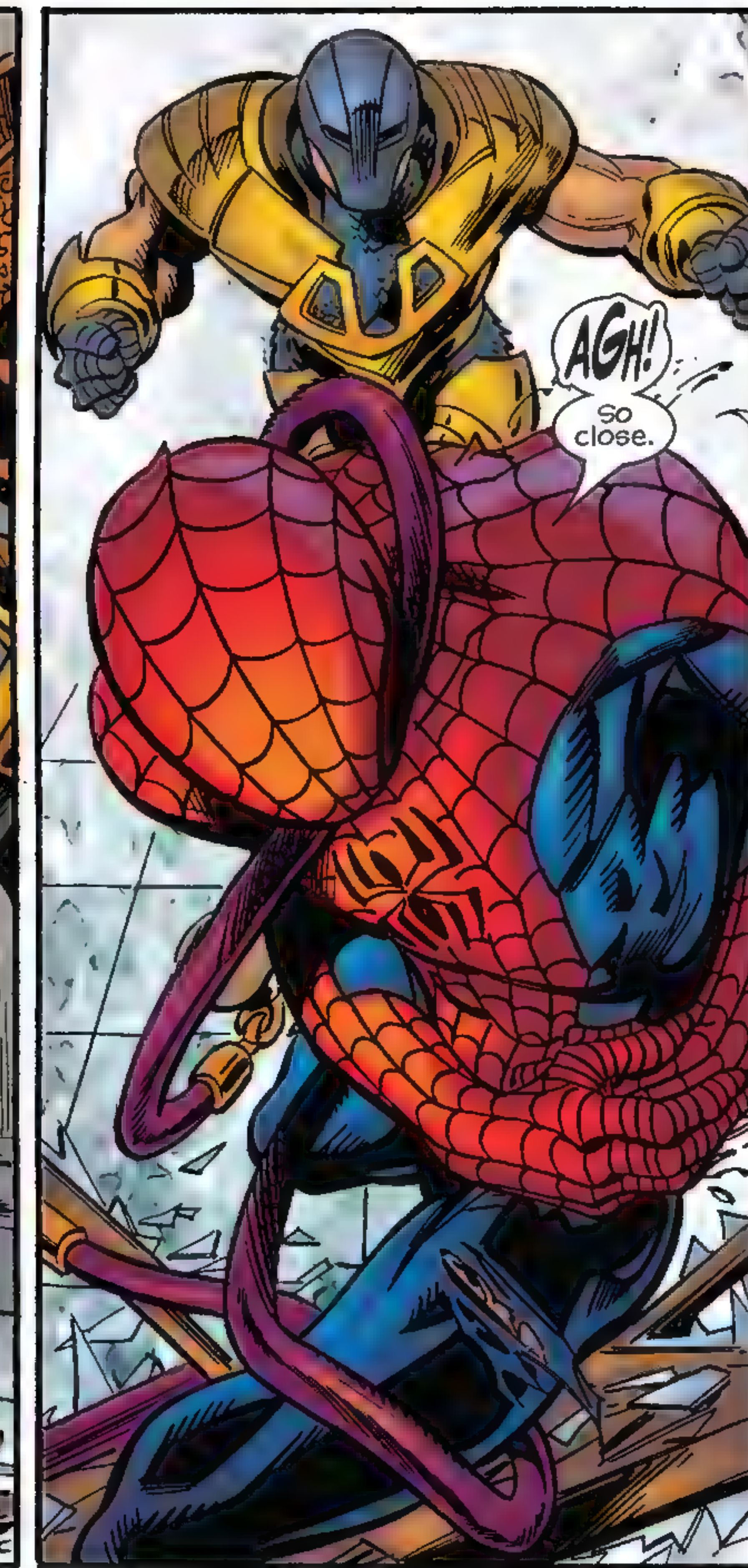
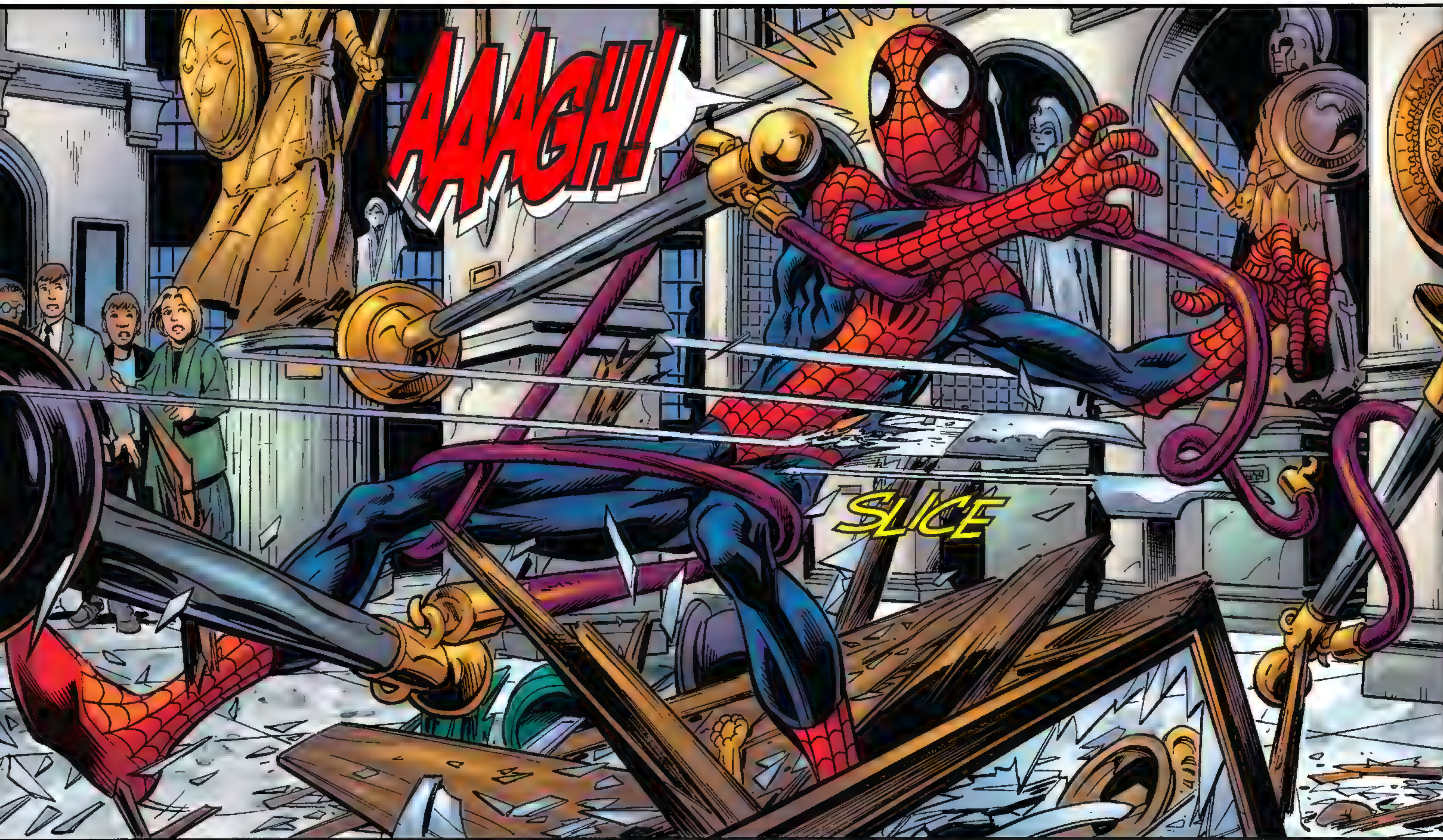
NURHACHI WILL BE GIVEN FREEDOM OR ALL WHO HEAR MY VOICE WILL TASTE DEATH!!

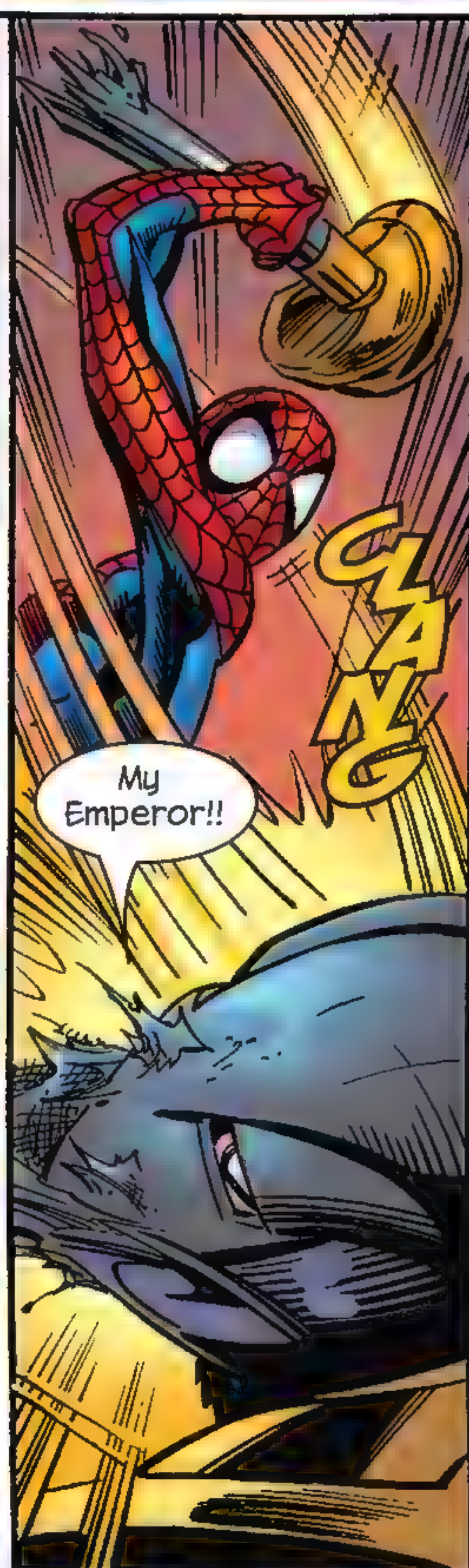
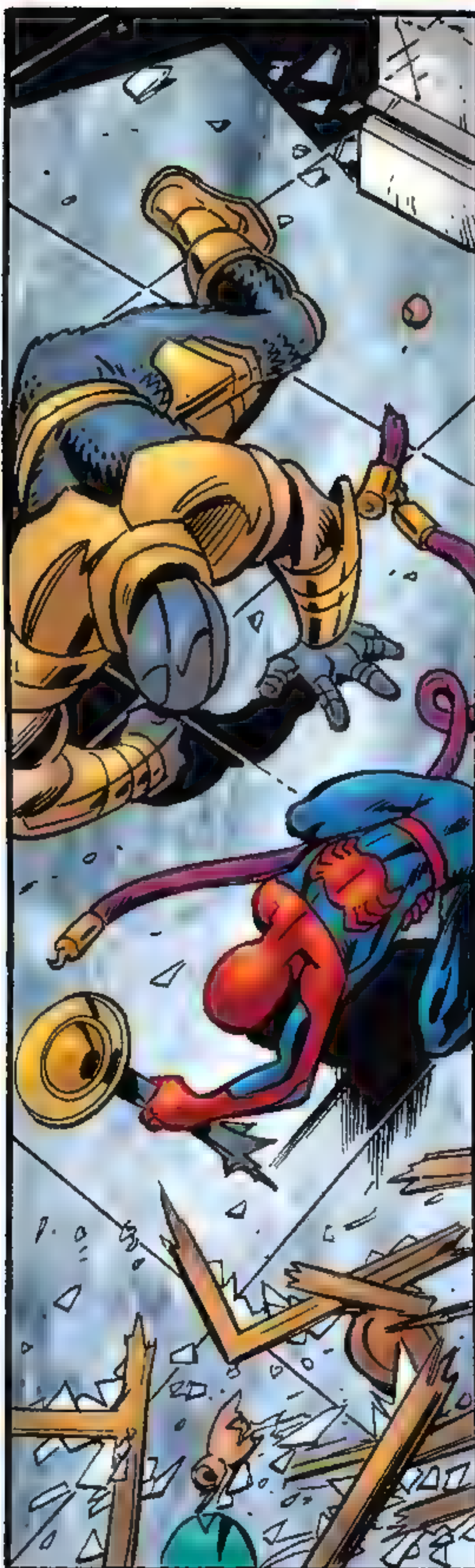
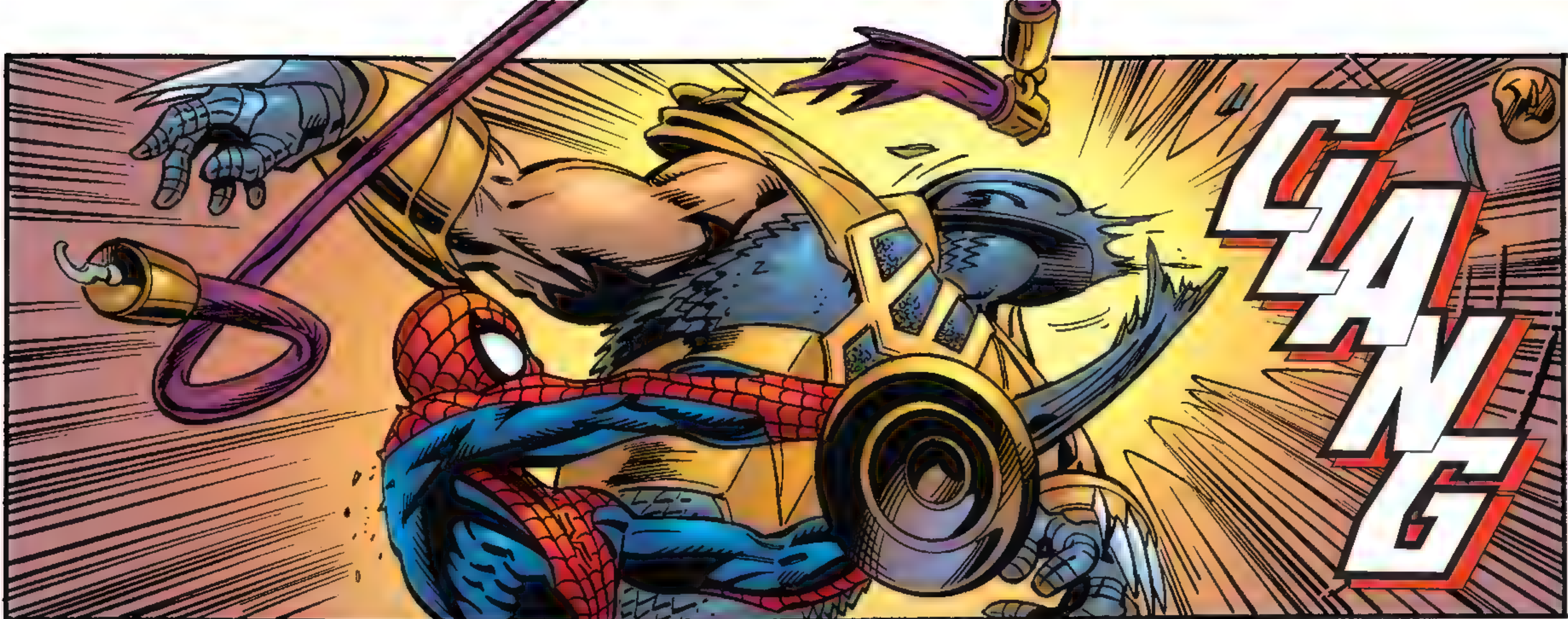
Oh yeah?



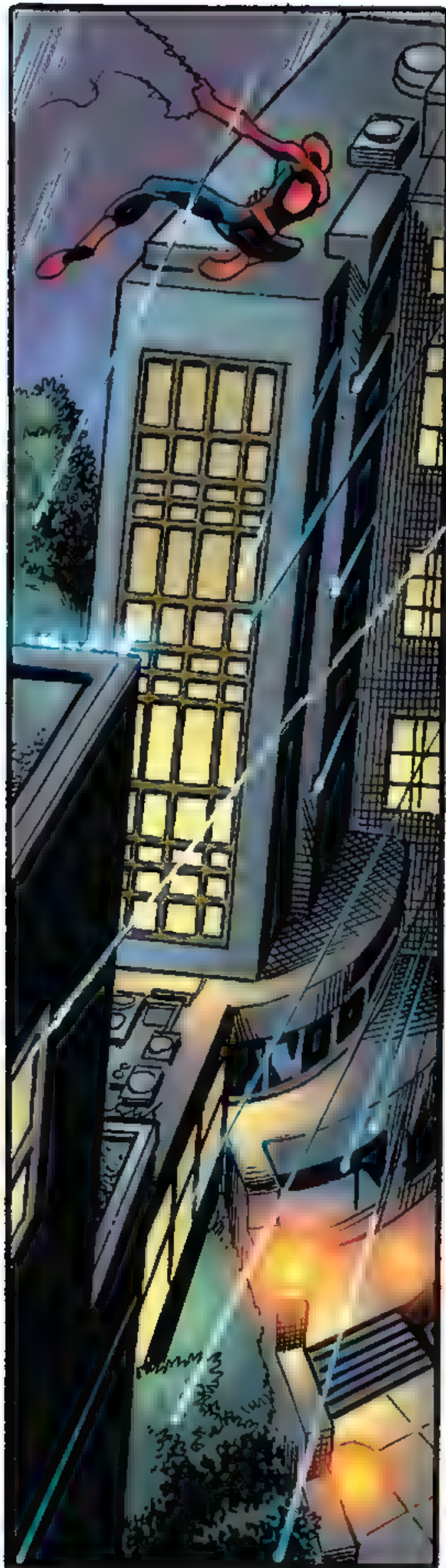
Well why don't you pick on someone your own...











Hey, Doctor Connors.

Hey, Willie.

Late night.

Can't sleep.

Heard that.



Hey.



AGH!



Sorry.

Oh- gagh--

Dude.

It's not funny, Parker.

I know. I--

What are you *doing* here?

I hurt myself.

Lord.



You said- you said you owed me one once. I thought you might... help me.

What do you want *me* to do?

You *are* Doctor Curt Connors. I just need to borrow the "doctor" part.



I'm not that kind of doctor.

You're more doctor than me.

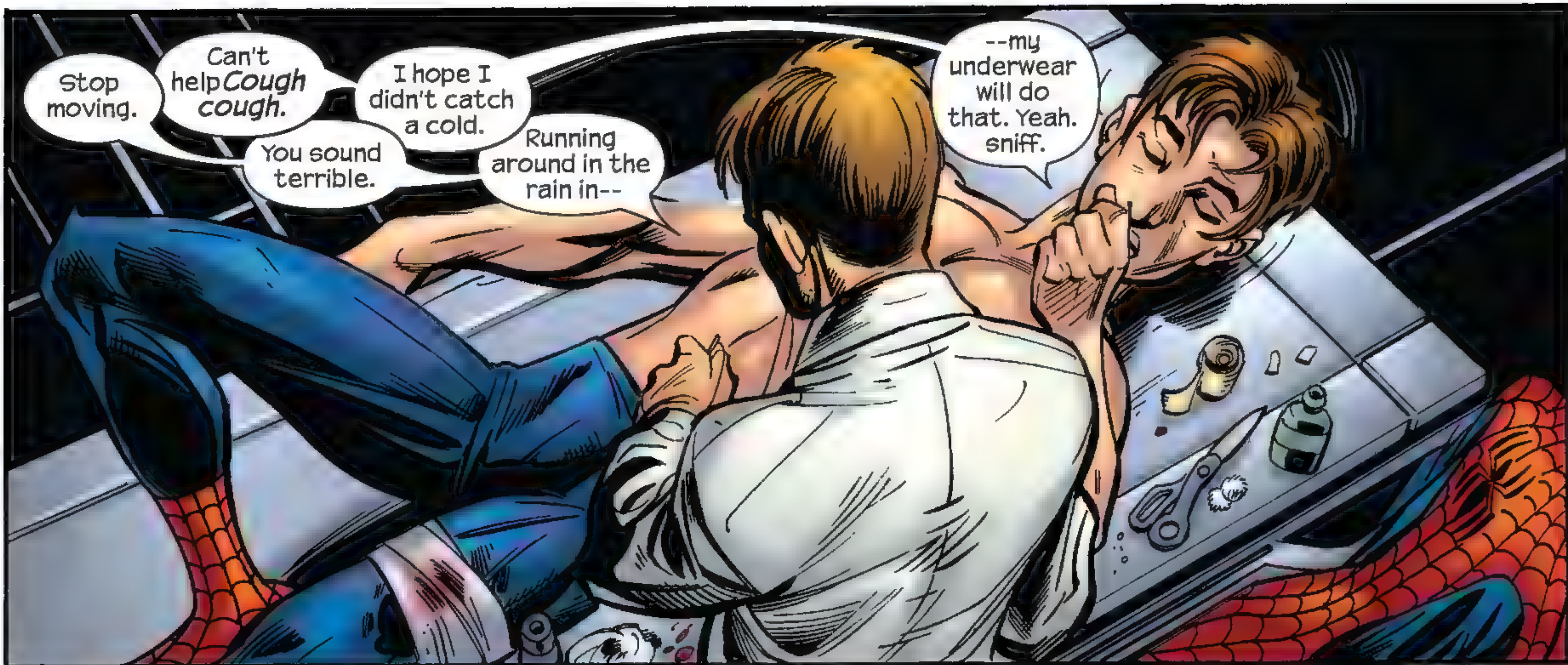
You need to go to a hospital or something.



Oh yeah, where *did* I leave my insurance card?

Oh no. I left my wallet in my other costuCough cough.

Ugh.



Stop moving.

Can't help Cough cough.

I hope I didn't catch a cold.

You sound terrible.

Running around in the rain in--

--my underwear will do that. Yeah. sniff.

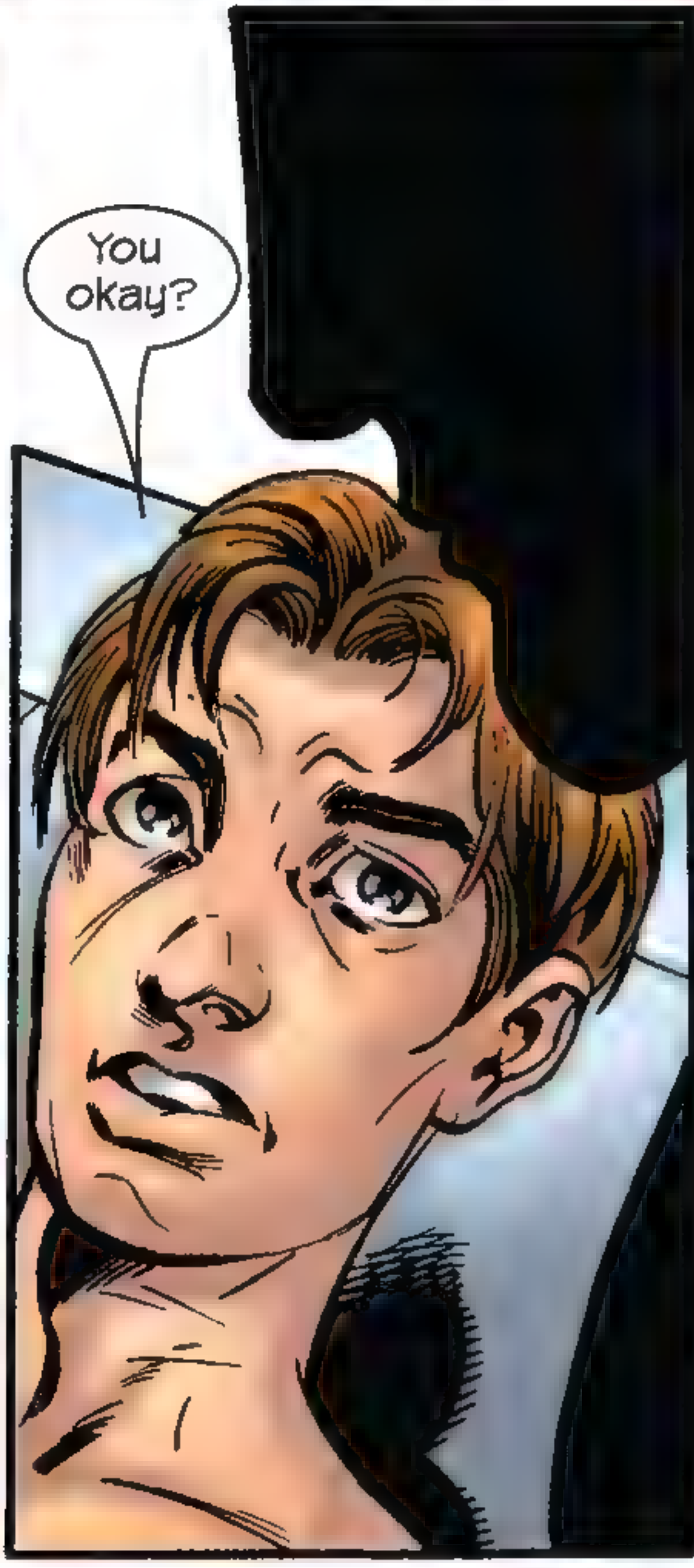


Stop moving.

You don't look so great either.



Can't sleep.



You okay?



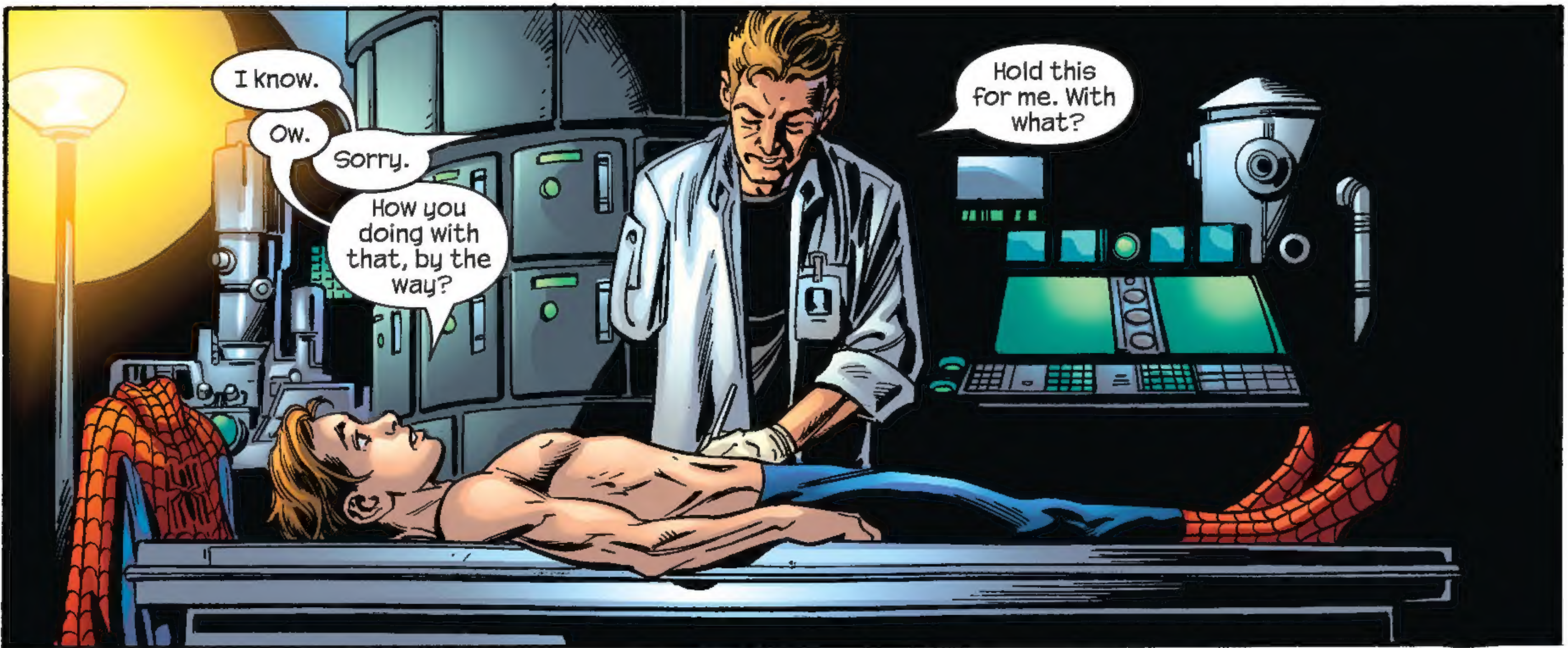
Adult stuff.



Well, at least you're not a lizard.



It-that was a joke.



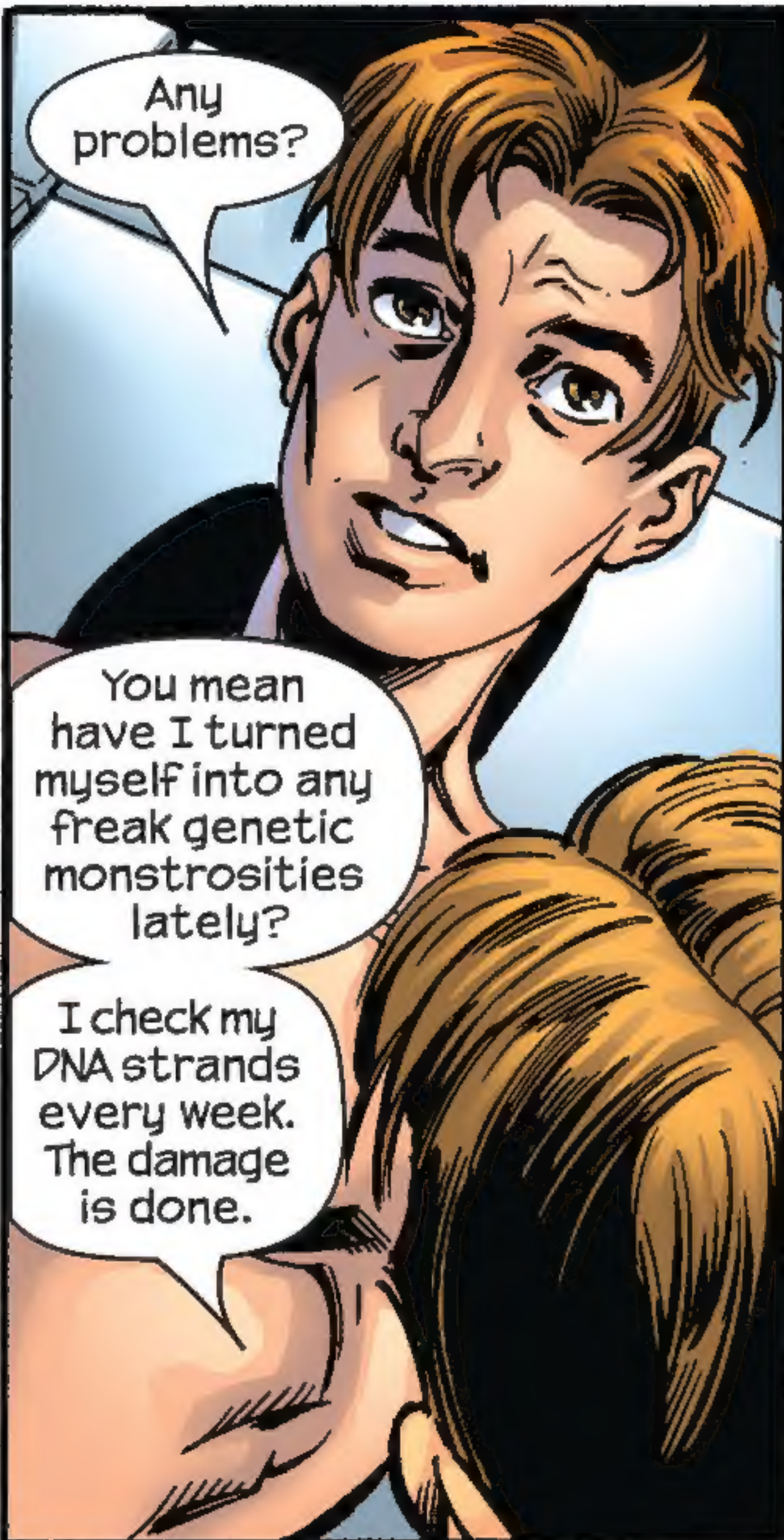
I know.

Ow.

Sorry.

How you
doing with
that, by the
way?

Hold this
for me. With
what?



Any
problems?

You mean
have I turned
myself into any
freak genetic
monstrosities
lately?

I check my
DNA strands
every week.
The damage
is done.



And I'm terrified
to try to do
anything about
it.

But... it's
isolated and
dormant.

But, still,
it's there. I
know it.

I know
what I did to
myself.

See, but,
it's not like
you *tried*
to do it to
yourself on
purpose.

I know guys that did
stuff like that to themselves
on purpose. *That* is one thing.



That- that
is just scum
city.

You were
trying to
regenerate
human tissue.
Grow back
your arm.

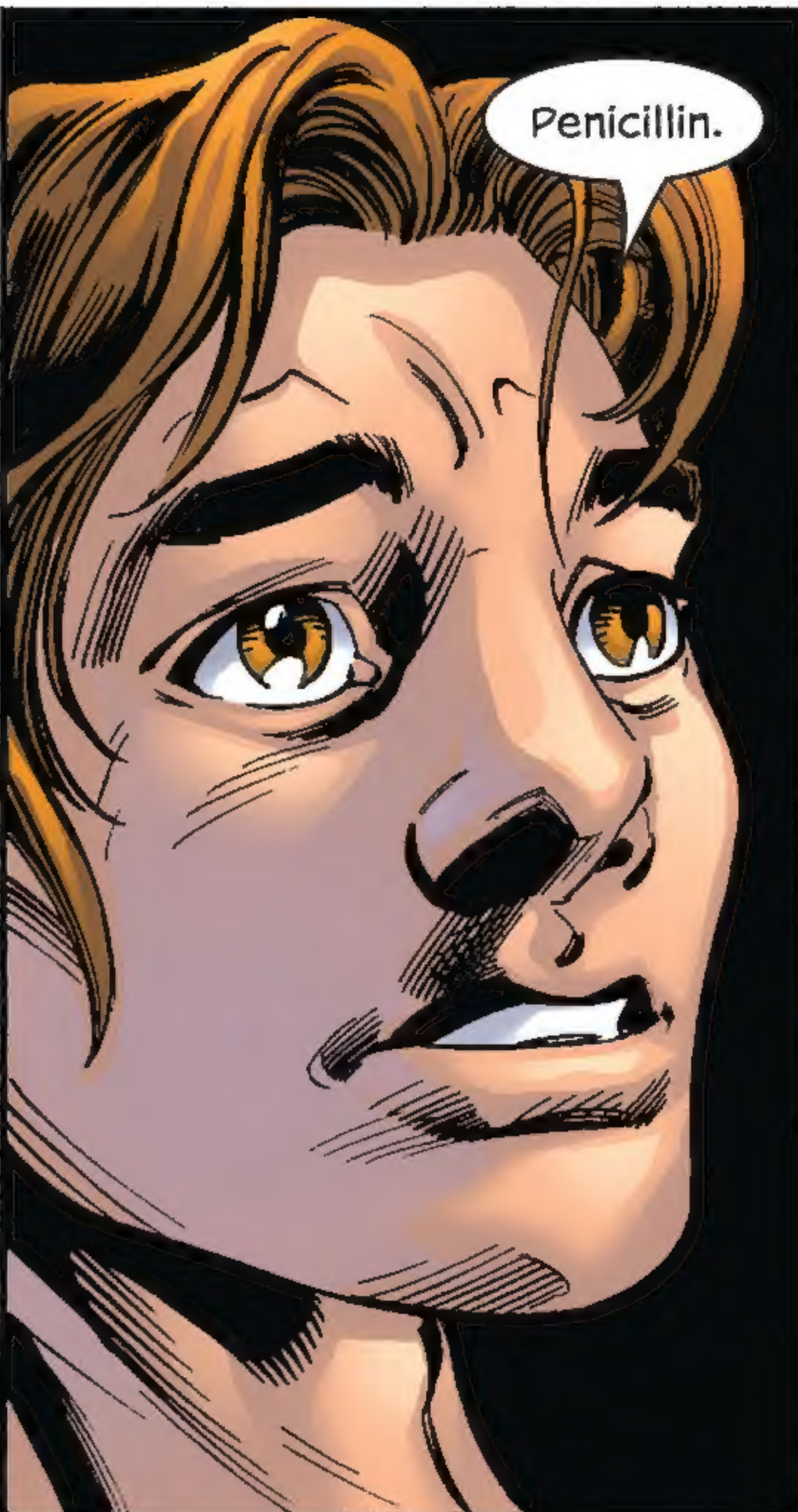
The *idea*
behind what
you did- it is
still *very*
interesting.

It was a noble
experiment on--

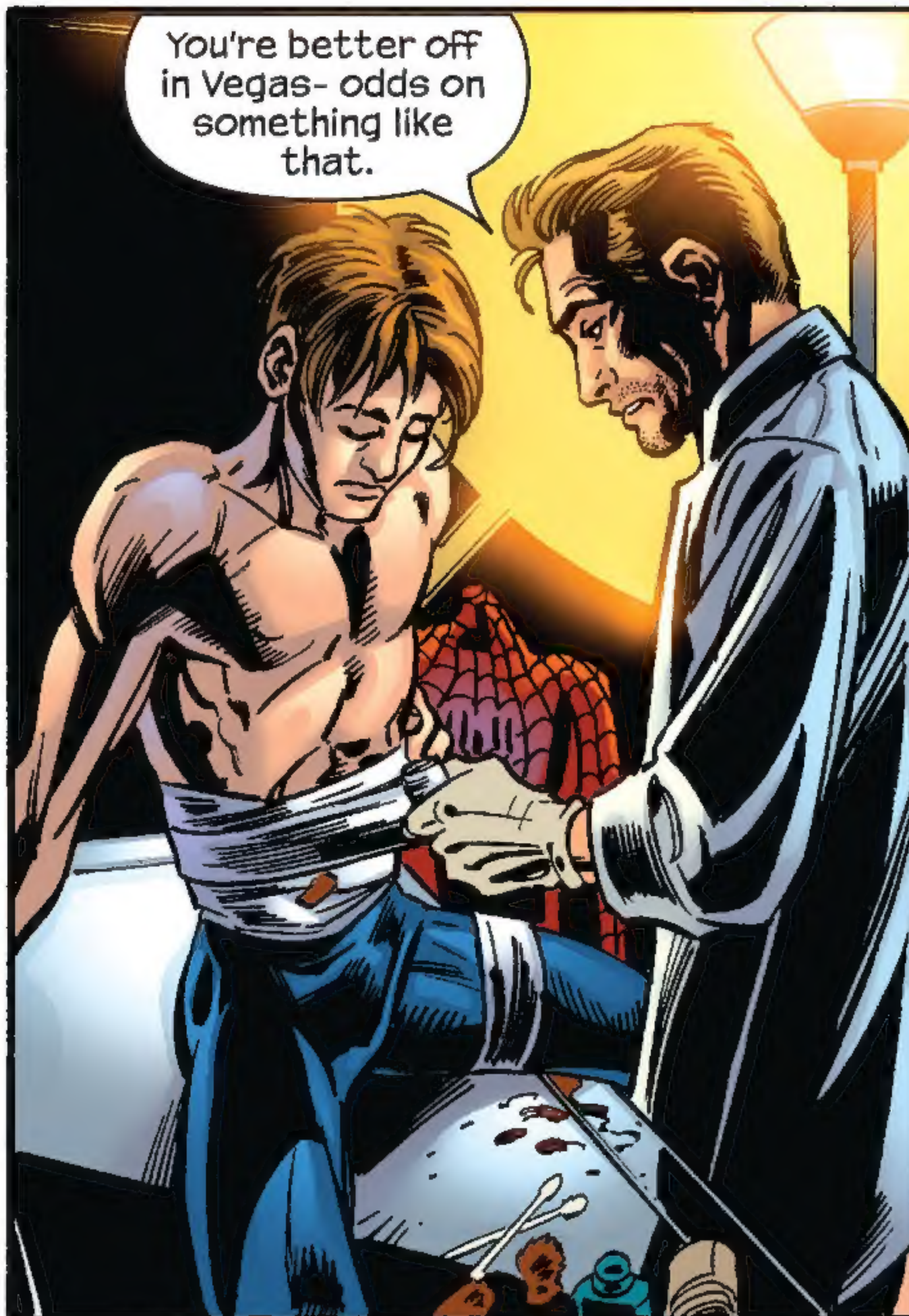


Well, intentions being
what they are, kiddo...
Science is results.

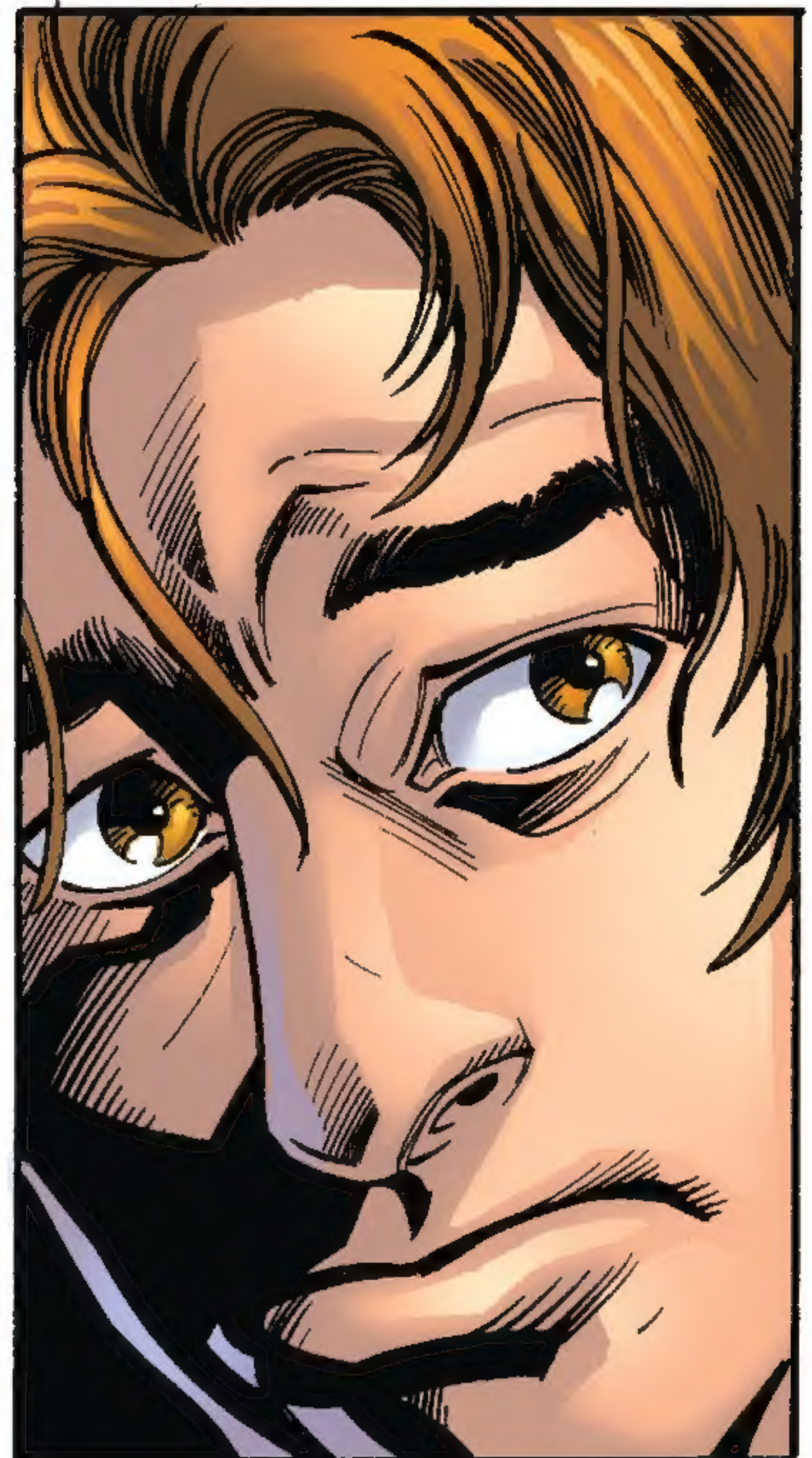
The only accidents
scientists want are the
happy ones and they
happen once upon
a never.

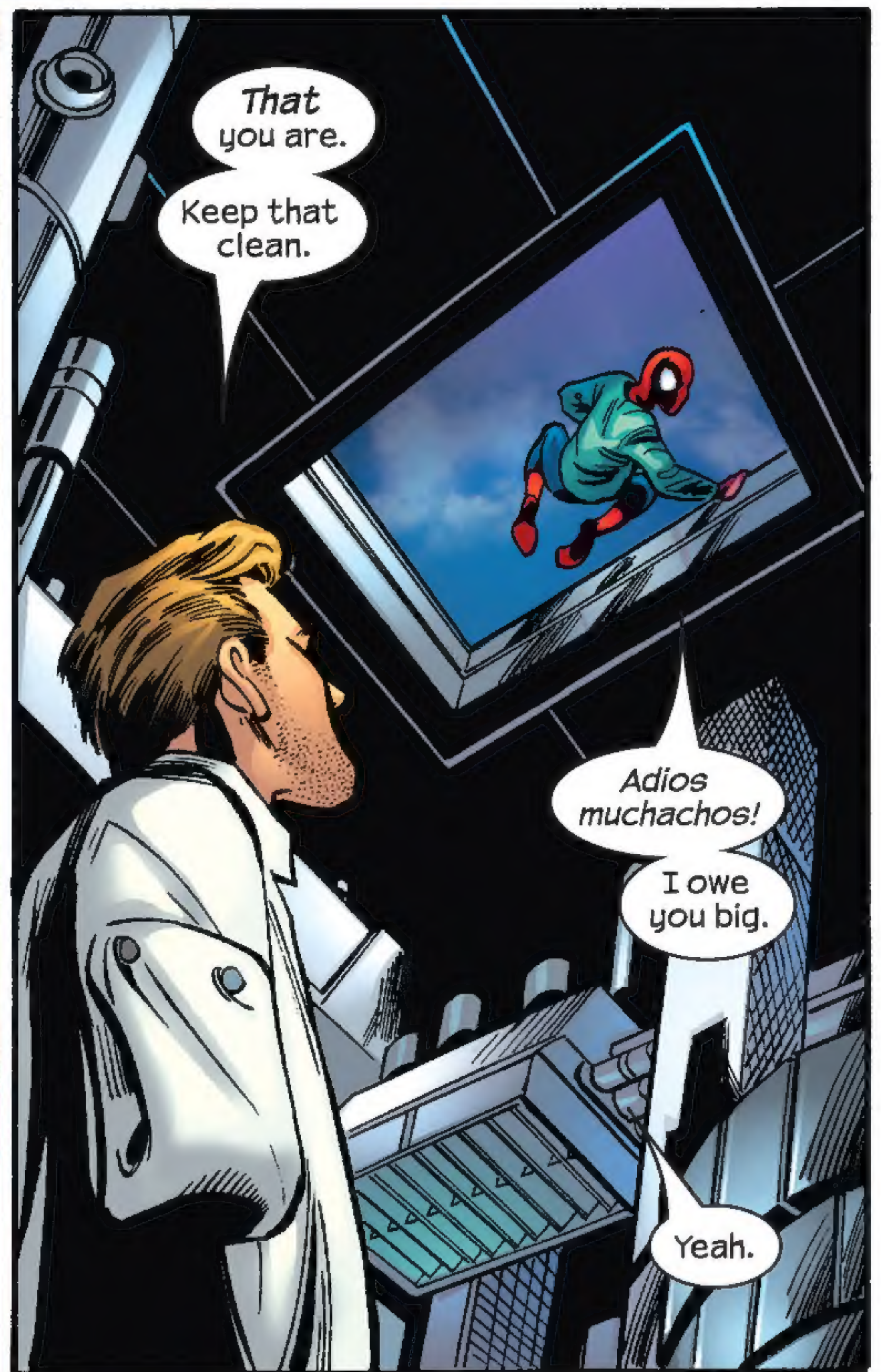
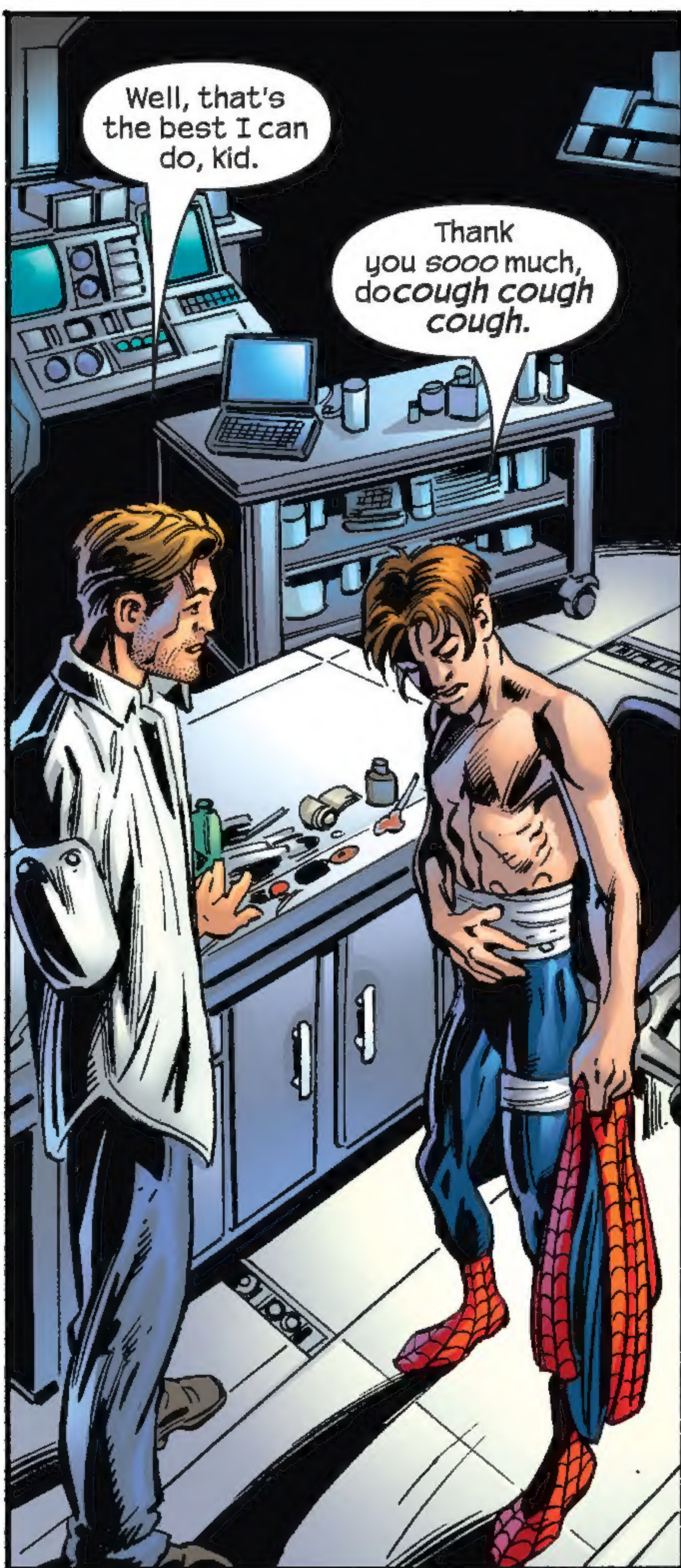


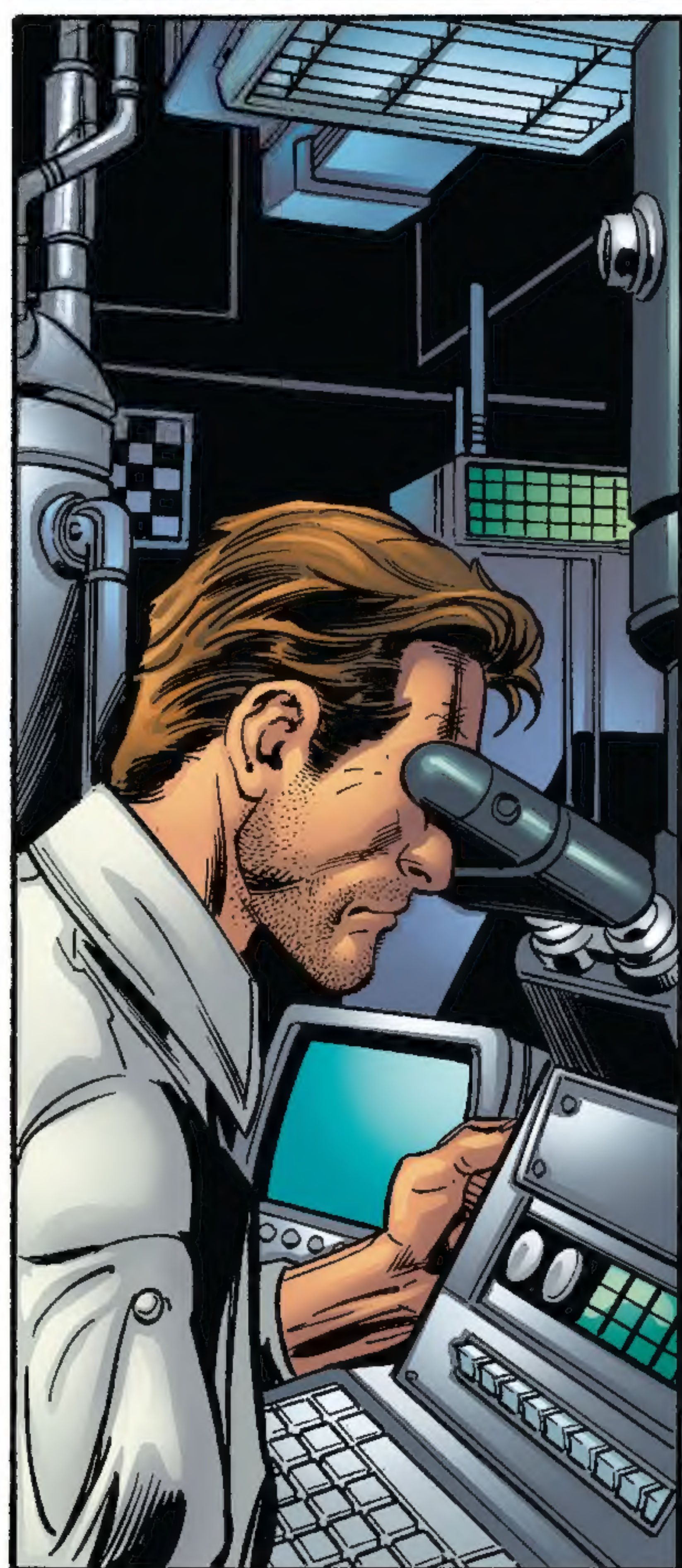
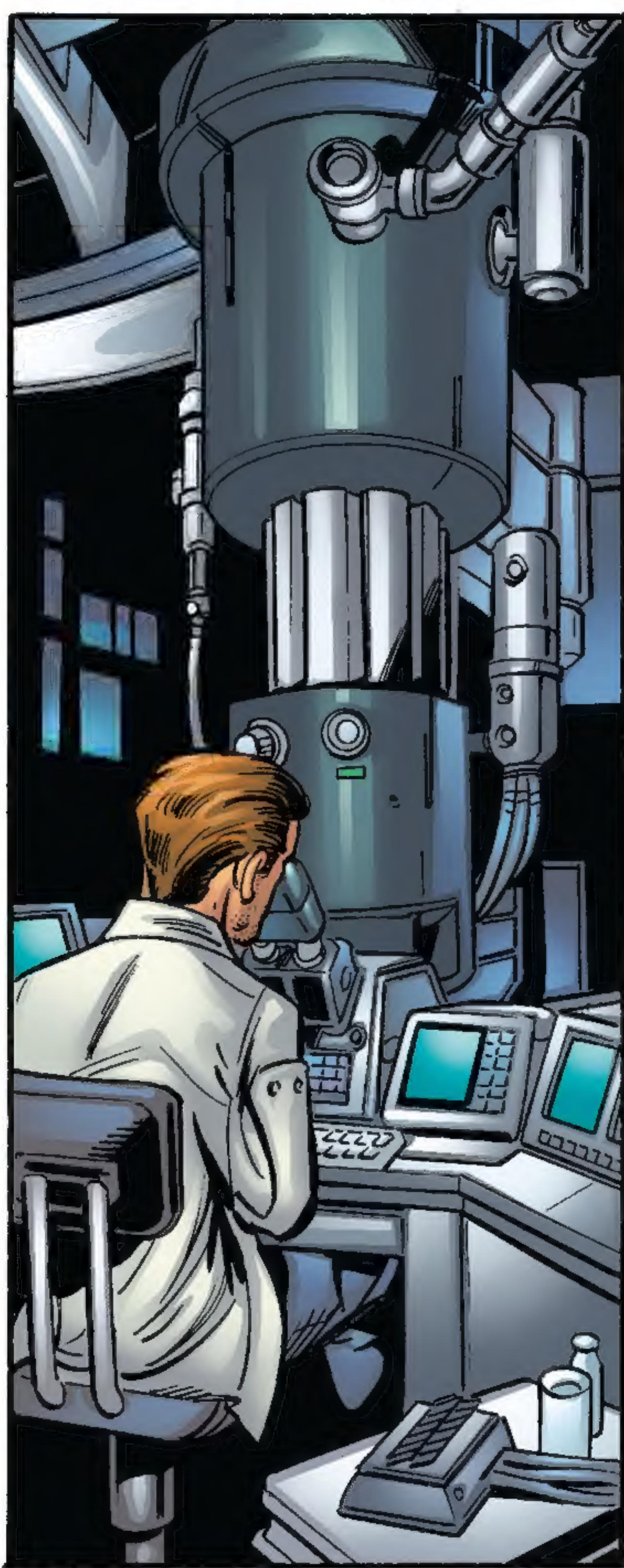
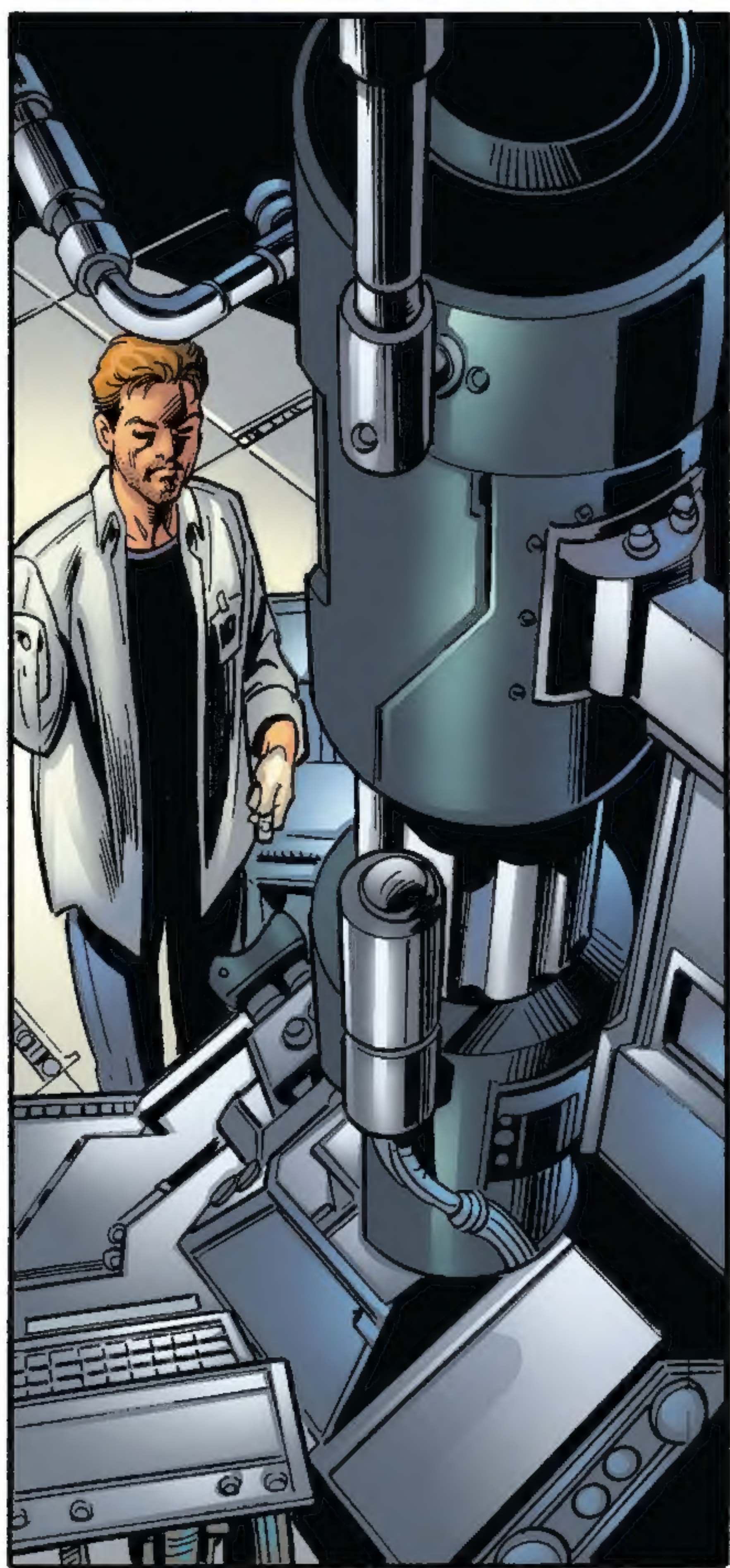
Penicillin.



You're better off
in Vegas- odds on
something like
that.









SON OF ULTRAMAN